last little patch of standing grass; so did refugees collect in the corner of Western Europe which the scythe had still not reached, where letters-of-credit were still valid, Parliament and books still unburnt, stock-prices still quoted, restaurants still buzzed with unrestrained conversation, butter was still more evident than guns. Authors and journalists came bearing typewriters, often with revelations to dispose of; professors and scientists and exiled monarchs and prime ministers came; Dr. Freud came, settling in Hampstead and there devoting himself to proving that Moses was an Egyptian, there dying; distraught women and children and aged Rabbis came—a forlorn company, hopeful that they had found a refuge where they would be troubled no more, and likely in that to be disappointed.

ii

One man's love can permeate the world, and so can one man's hate. The tears which Christ shed as he looked down on Jerusalem, filled innumerable other eyes; the pity he felt for men coming and going, passing in and out of doorways and up and down streets, was reproduced in innumerable other breasts. The resentment and self-pity which possessed Hitler when he felt himself scorned and rejected, was similarly reproduced. As he fawned on those unlike himself, large and blond and brutish, so did others; as he was filled with loathing of the opposite type, his own, dark and furtive and subtle, so were others. His hatred passionately stated, proved infectious. It swelled into a mighty roar of hate, echoing and re-echoing through the world.

He dramatised his hate as a conflict between Jew and Aryan, darkness and light, horror unspeakable and virtue irreproachable —Weakness Through Misery and Strength Through Joy; and this dramatisation proved acceptable. Many who had found thinking with their minds unprofitable, were ready to follow him in thinking with their blood. Minds worked slowly and laboriously, but blood warmed easily and effortlessly; more convenient than accepting guilt, was transferring it to another